

# Awful Ogre Runs Wild

## By Jack Prelutsky

I'm running wild this morning.  
I'm flinging pots of beans.  
I'm heaving melons at the wall  
The burst to smithereens.

I pull apart my pillow  
I overturn my bed  
I swing my cudgel rampantly  
Then bang it on my head.

My pets are in a tizzy.  
They scramble for the door.  
As with my trusty battle-ax.  
I chop a bit of floor.

There hardly is a single thing  
I do not decimate.  
For summer is beginning  
And I thought I'd celebrate.

# The Long Rain

## By John Haines

Rain falls  
in the quiet woods.

Smoke hangs  
above the evening fire,  
fragrant with pitch.

Alone, deep  
in a willow thicket,  
the olive thrush  
is singing.

This poem is like a container.  
Inside of it are three images, each  
one dealing with one or more of the  
poet's senses.

Think of three images from your  
dinner table. What do you see?  
hear? smell? taste? touch?

Write a short, 3 stanza poem about  
this dinner-time scene. Try to make  
the reader feel like they can picture  
your dinner table in their mind.

Here on fibber island  
We strum rubber guitars  
Our friends live on mars  
And we sew buttons on our cars

Here on fibber island  
Our house is made of pie  
Our dog is two miles wide  
And all he talks about is pie

Here on fibber island  
We swim on the ground  
Wheels are square not round  
We eat chocolate by the pound

To get to fibber island  
You just close your eyes  
Start fibbing in your mind  
And see what you can find

Here on fibber island  
We hide mittens in our hair  
You might need to stare  
To see the mittens in our hair

Come to fibber island  
And strum rubber guitars  
Meet our friends from mars  
And sew buttons on our cars

Fibber Island  
By John Flansburgh

Objective: Rhyme & Near Rhyme (and Fibbing)

Write your own poem patterned after this one. It should have:

- 4-lined stanzas (try for four...or more!)
- "Here on fibber island" or "To get to fibber island" as the first line of the stanza.
- Last stanza repeats the first stanza, except for the first line, which changes to "come to fibber island."
- Follow the same rhyme pattern (try for "near rhymes," too, like eyes and mind and pie and wide.

## Mother to Son

BY LANGSTON HUGHES

Well, son, I'll tell you:  
Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.  
It's had tacks in it,  
And splinters,  
And boards torn up,  
And places with no carpet on the floor—  
Bare.  
But all the time  
I'se been a-climbin' on,  
And reachin' landin's,  
And turnin' corners,  
And sometimes goin' in the dark  
Where there ain't been no light.  
So boy, don't you turn back.  
Don't you set down on the steps  
'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.  
Don't you fall now—  
For I'se still goin', honey,  
I'se still climbin',  
And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

## The Dream Keeper

Bring me all of your dreams,  
You dreamer,  
Bring me all your  
Heart melodies  
That I may wrap them  
In a blue cloud-cloth  
Away from the too-rough fingers  
Of the world.

Langston Hughes

POEM

By Langston Hughes

I loved my friend  
He went away from me  
There's nothing more to say  
The poem ends,  
Soft as it began-  
I loved my friend